

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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For The Dayspring.

LUCILLA LEANING.

By E. P. CHANNING.

LUCILLA is a perfect tom-boy. When she gets up in the morning she is like a high wind blowing about the room. Every thing clatters and shakes. Off go her buttons, snap fly her strings, and, with clothes half off and half on, she runs into the entry and calls for somebody to help her. Her mother thinks of cutting Lucilla's hair into a short crop, for she fears she will squint, it is so much in her eyes.

Lucilla goes downstairs with a hop, skip, and jump, till people run out of the parlor, to see what is happening in the entry. The cook cannot trust her to help her, for it seems as if Lucilla whispered to the cups, saucers, and dishes, that she is the dancing-master, who has come to teach them the Highland Fling, or the Sailor's Hornpipe, which will be so much more amusing than resting against the side of the dressers; and the crockery rattles and bobs up and down, as long as she is in the kitchen.

Grandmamma is very fond of Lucilla. She thinks she looks like her, which would surprise the little girl very much. But grandmamma is sure that *she* never set the tidies awry, or crumpled the chair-covers, or twisted the cushion-tassels as Lucilla does; and poor grandmamma sighs as she smooths the patch, and cleans the window-panes, and brightens the door-knobs, when Lucilla goes home.

Little Miss Twiss, who is making brother Robert's jacket and trousers, shakes her head and looks over her spectacles, as Lucilla runs in and out of the sitting-room, making a terrible draught by leaving all the doors open, and so bringing back Miss

Twiss's earache. Lucilla runs in and out very often, for Miss Twiss is more amusing to her than a bat or an owl, for she carries a colored pocket-handkerchief, wears high ruffles on her vandyke, a comb ready to fall out, and a most peculiar thimble. It is of steel, and without a top. To see Miss Twiss bite off her thread to just the same length each time, to see her push her short tailoress needle with the side of her thimble is Lucilla's delight. Just now, as she was watching at a little distance, Miss Twiss said, in a low tone, to Lucilla's mother, "Lucilla doesn't lean enough." The low tone made the little girl listen, and running after her mother, and leaning up against her, she said:

"Mother, Miss Twiss says I'm not lean enough. Is it the oatmeal?"

Lucilla hoped it was, for she dislikes oatmeal.

"Child," said her mother, smiling, "Miss Twiss does not mean that, though you are as plump as a partridge. There are two meanings to the word lean. Miss Twiss means that you do not lean enough on my opinion, my advice, — she thinks you have too strong a will for a child."

"In what way, mother?"

"I am too busy to tell you all the ways. But, do you not remember when you had that bad cough last fall, that Miss Twiss was here making Robert's ulster, and how you cried, — indeed, I am sorry to say, stormed, — because I could not let you go to the picnic? Yesterday, Miss Twiss watched your face, when your father said he could not give you twenty-five cents a week for spending-money, as Carrie Bent's father gives her. I fear Miss Twiss would think there ought to be a prayer for you in the church, if she knew how you rattle the hymn-book, knock the cricket, and grind into my side."

"That's leaning against you," said Lucilla, smiling.

"It is a sort of leaning of which you must break yourself. But, what we want you to do, and what you must learn to do is to lean on our opinion, to trust our love. But, now, run off with your hoop, for I have a world to do before we go to grand-mamma's."

The tree at the foot of the lane, and the gate leading into the meadow, were let alone that day, for Lucilla was giving herself time to think. See how intently she is gazing into the sky, not at any roving bird or floating cloud, but thinking over her mother's words. Yesterday she would have been running after the hens, or plucking the thistles, or pulling the clothes-pins out of the sheet, or shaking her bonnet, or unbuttoning her slipper, or trundling her hoop. One hand is behind as if to steady her, the other seems to ask her ruffle, what it means to have "too strong a will for a child."

Do not fear that merry little Lucilla, in ceasing to be a tom-boy, will grow dull and pale and stupid. One can learn to be thoughtful of others' comfort, can close doors quietly, let grandmamma's treasures alone, allow one's mother to listen in comfort to the minister, and pay attention one's self, and yet run and jump for joy in the fresh air and pleasant sunshine. And the very thought of it makes me wish to kiss little Lucilla, as she stands leaning against the rock. It is her first, but it will not be her last, thoughtful hour. Now, she will begin to notice the wind-blown clover, and the starting buds, and the happy creeping creatures; and the sweet sounds out-of-doors will remind her of her mother's pleasant voice; and joy, and not confusion, will follow Lucilla into the house.

THE CHILD'S DESIRE.

"I THINK I should like to be a Cuckoo,"

Said a child, with laughing tone;

"For then I should find out whether it's true
That they never build nests of their own:

'Twould be very fine, to have nothing to do
But to sing 'Cuckoo.'

"I should like to have no lessons to say,

As they no nests to build;

And, whenever I liked, from school to stay, —
No precepts to be instilled.

'Twould be very fine, to have nothing to do
But to sing 'Cuckoo.'

"The Cuckoo picks up the nests that are made;

And I, also, should like to find,

Without working my way by rules that are laid,
A plan to improve my mind.

'Twould be very fine, to have nothing to do
But to sing 'Cuckoo.'

"I am sure I should like to go sailing away,

And learn in the air to fly;

And try to go higher and higher each day,
Until I could reach the sky;

And to look at the stars, with nothing to do
But to sing 'Cuckoo.'

"What use can the idle Cuckoo be,

Mamma, will you please to say?

For he never does much, it seems to me,
But sing in the sun all day.

And it must be fine, to have nothing to do
But to sing 'Cuckoo.'"

"A joy to the world is the song of Cuckoo,

But to *you* a soul has been given;

And when you are older you'll find it is true,
That blessed are they who have striven:

Your life would be weary, with nothing to do
But to sing 'Cuckoo.'"

Mrs. L. C. Whiton, in May "Wide Awake."

WE must row with the oars we have;
and, as we cannot order the wind, we are
obliged to sail with the wind that God
gives.

For The Dayspring.

TALLIE'S BIRTHDAY.

A Story of Real Life.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I. — *Breakfast.*



T was a cold day in February. Talbot Ambleton, or "Tallie," as he was commonly called, was in Boston. He had seldom been in Boston before, and had never lived there; but now he was there alone with his father. Tallie's mother, and his older sister, Sallie, and his little brother, Braxley, were all living up in Vermont for the year, and Tallie had been with them; but Mr. Ambleton grew very lonesome in his city lodgings, without wife or children; and so Tallie came down to the city to keep papa company, and cheer his heart; and papa said that Tallie was just as good as a boy of seven years old could be. Mr. Ambleton had some business in Dorchester, one of the outlying districts of Boston; which made it needful for him to go out there nearly every morning, and stay till supper-time, and sometimes even later.

Tallie had now been with his father six weeks, and was to return to his mother when somebody going that way could take charge of him.

This Friday was his birthday, and his father said to him, with his good-morning kiss: "So my Tallie-boy is eight years old to-day! What would he like to do? Visit Uncle John in Cambridge? Spend the day with the Keystones over at the West End? Stay at the boarding-house with Mrs. Pheasant?"

These were his father's suggestions; but Tallie liked none of them.

"What will you do to-day?" asked his father again.

"Go out to the office with you," answered Tallie; "for I would rather be with you than anywhere else, and I shall not get tired if you do have to stay late."

You may imagine that this reply pleased Mr. Ambleton very much; for he was never so happy as when his little folks were with him. Tallie knew that they should have no regular dinner in Dorchester; and, when he went out there with his father, he always asked the same question, — "What shall we take with us for lunch to-day?" He asked this question now; and he was delighted, as any healthy little boy might be, when his father answered: "It is your birthday, and *you* may decide what we shall buy for lunch."

While Tallie was thinking it over, Mr. Ambleton borrowed of affable Mrs. Pheasant, their landlady, a knife and fork. So they said "Good-morning" to her in the dining-room when breakfast was over, and started on their way. It was cold and disagreeable. The sidewalks were slippery; and people in the street were well muffled up.

"Well, Tallie, have you thought what we shall take with us to eat?"

"Yes," said Tallie.

"What is it?" asked his father.

"I'll show you when we get to it," Tallie answered.

Their boarding-house was very near the Common, and they were walking towards that beautiful park when Mr. Ambleton and his little boy had this chat. So anxious was Tallie about it, that he forgot to drop the letters into the iron letter-box in front of the Public Library, and his father had to remind him of it. He generally handed Talbot the letters to carry for him; and the little fellow liked to do it.

"Have you not forgotten something, my boy?"

"We haven't got to the store yet," said Tallie.

"No; but there is something else you have forgotten," added his father.

"What, papa?" asked the boy.

"How will Uncle Talbot know that you are to go home with him next week, if he does not get my letter telling him about it?"

Now Uncle Talbot was the uncle for whom Tallie was named, and whom he liked very much. This uncle lived away up in Athol, on the way to Vermont, and had written that he should probably be in Boston next week, and would take his little nephew and namesake so far on his homeward way with him, if ready to go. Much as Tallie enjoyed being with his papa, he did wish to go back to Vermont, and see mamma and sister and brother; and he said he should be quite ready to go. So, when his father asked this question, he remembered that he had the letters his father had written that morning safe in his mitten. He hurried to pull off the mitten, and take out the letters, and drop them into the box.

"How will this letter go from this box to Uncle Talbot?" was his next question.

"Oh!" replied Mr. Ambleton, "a postman will soon come along with a big bag. He will unlock the iron box with a key which he carries, and he will put all the letters and postals that are in the box into his bag. Then he will lock up the box again, and take the bag away with him."

"What was that newspaper lying on the box for?"

"It was too large to slip through the hole, and therefore somebody left it lying on top of the box outside."

"But, papa, somebody might steal it."

"Yes, indeed, somebody might; but a newspaper is generally a day or two old

before it is sent away by mail, and nobody wants to buy an old paper. Besides, it is worth only two or three cents; and people who are mean enough to steal three cents' worth don't care much for newspapers."

"But," persisted Tallie, "the thief might pull off the stamp, and use it again."

"So he might, sometimes," said Mr. Ambleton; "but it generally tears the stamp to pull it off, and then it would be good for nothing."

"How big a stamp does it take for a paper, papa?"

"Two cents' postage on papers now, my boy; but it used to cost only one cent for a paper, and by and by Congress will change the law, and make it one cent again."

"Will the postman take the paper with the letters, when it wasn't inside the box?" asked Tallie.

Just then Mr. Ambleton looked up, and saw the letter-gatherer coming across from the Common, and so he said: "Look, Tallie-boy! There is the postman. Now see for yourself."

So they waited a few minutes to see. The man did as Mr. Ambleton had said. He opened his bag, and dropped in the newspaper. Then he unlocked the box, and took out several handfuls of postal cards and letters. The cards were all alike; but the letters were of various sizes and colors. As the man walked rapidly away, Tallie said: "What paper do you suppose that was, papa?"

"I don't know," said his father.

"But what do you guess?"

"I cannot guess," said his father.

"Why, yes, papa, you can guess," said Tallie. "Everybody can guess."

"Well, you may guess then, little boy."

"Well, papa, it must be either the

'Globe' or the 'Journal' or the 'Traveler.'"

"Why?"

"Because there are no other Boston papers, are there?"

"Oh, yes!" replied his father: "there are the 'Advertiser' and the 'Post' and the 'Herald,' besides lots of weekly papers. And then, perhaps, it was not a *Boston* paper."

"O papa! now that I remember, it was not a newspaper at all, but a magazine; for I saw a little red line peeping out at the end of the wrapper, and I think it must have been the 'Wide Awake' or 'Saint Nicholas.' I guess it was 'Wide Awake;' for it seemed to be short and wide, like the 'Wide Awake.'"

"Then it was very careless to leave it lying on the outside of the box; for somebody might steal a magazine for the sake of selling it again."

Long before they finished this talk they had reached the corner of Tremont Street; and they stood there a few minutes, for they saw the man who delivered the letters at the houses coming up the street, and Mr. Ambleton waited to learn if he had any letters for him; because, if so, he could take them, instead of letting the postman carry them to Mrs. Pheasant's, in which case he would not receive them till he came home again at night. The postman stopped here and there at the doors as he came along. While they waited, Mr. Ambleton called his boy's attention to the beautiful building on the other corner of the street, which he told him was the Masonic Temple, where the Freemasons held their meetings.

"It says '*Home Savings Bank*' on it," said Tallie.

"Yes, the bank hires the lower part," said his father; "but the Masons have rooms upstairs."

"Are they big rooms?" asked Tallie.

"Some big and some little," was his father's answer.

The little fellow was going to ask more questions about the Temple; but by this time the letter-carrier met them, and responded to Mr. Ambleton's cheerful good-morning by turning over his fat leather satchel full of letters, and handing one to Mr. Ambleton, with a postal card. The card was only a printed notice, but the thick letter was from Tallie's mother in Vermont; and Mr. Ambleton put it in his pocket to read by and by.

As they resumed their walk, Tallie suddenly said: "O papa! please go this way, not that way."

"Why, my dear?"

"Oh! let us buy our lunch in that store!"

"Just as you wish. It is your birthday."

It was a very nice grocery. "Fernald" was on the sign. They went in. Tallie hardly knew what to get for their lunch, after all; but he liked tongue, and for seventy cents they could buy a can of it corned. The grocer said it was nice tongue, and nicely cooked; that there were no bones in it, and that it was nicely pressed, so that there were two pounds and a half in the can.

"But how can we open the can?" asked Tallie.

"Here is a first-rate can-opener," said the grocer, when he heard the boy's question.

"How much?" asked papa.

"Only a quarter, sir!"

"Would you like a can-opener for a birthday present, Tallie?" asked his father.

"Yes, Sir!" said the boy.

So they bought the can of tongue, and the queer knife to open it with. Tallie

put the knife in his pocket, while his father's big overcoat pocket was large enough to hold the can. On their way down Beach Street they stopped at Taylor's bakery, and bought some rolls, some Parker House buns, and some curious crackers with dried black currants within their crisp sides.

Nothing else happened out of the usual course till they reached Federal Street, where, after waiting five minutes, they took the Dorchester horse-car marked "Field's Corner and Dorchester Avenue," in which they speeded away, having the car nearly all to themselves.

HUMOROUS.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.

Messrs. Water and Oil

One day had a broil,

As down in the glass they were dropping;

And would not unite,

But continued to fight,

Without any prospect of stopping.

Mr. Pearlash o'erheard,

And quick as a word,

He jumped in the midst of the clashing;

When all three agreed,

And united with speed,

And Soap came out ready for washing.

THE SLEEPING CAR. — Taking a cigar out of his mouth, the minister said to one of his parishioners, fond of sleeping in sermon time, "There is no sleeping-car on the road to heaven." "And no smoking-car either, I reckon," was the prompt reply.

DR. JOHNSON was observed by a musical friend of his to be extremely inattentive at a concert, whilst a celebrated solo-player was running up the divisions and subdivisions of notes upon his violin. His friend, to induce him to take greater notice of what was going on, told him the performance was very difficult. "Difficult, sir," replied the Doctor, "I wish it were impossible."

A PRECOCIOUS boy was asked which was the greater evil of the two — hurting another's feelings, or his finger. He said the former. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner; "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," exclaimed the dear child.

JUDGE JEFFREYS, of notorious memory, pointing with his cane to a man who was about to be tried, said: "There is a great rogue at the end of my cane." The man to whom he pointed, looking at him, said, "Which end, my Lord?"

GOOD ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG. — Avoid all boastings and exaggerations, backbiting, abuse, and evil speaking; slang phrases and oaths in conversation; depreciate no man's qualities, and accept hospitalities of the humblest kind in a hearty and appreciative manner; avoid giving offence, and if you do offend, have the manliness to apologize; infuse as much elegance as possible into your thoughts as well as your actions; and, as you avoid vulgarities you will increase the enjoyment of life, and grow in the respect of others. — *Blunders in Behavior Corrected.*

THE word *no* is one of the easiest words in the language to spell, but sometimes one of the most difficult to pronounce.

THE CATERPILLAR.

I CREEP on the ground, and the children say:
"You ugly old thing!" and push me away.

I lie in my bed, and the children say:
"The fellow is dead; we'll throw him away."

At last I awake, and the children try
To make me stay, as I rise and fly.

M. F. B., in "Saint Nicholas."

NELLIE GRAY AND JENNIE GREEN.

IN the picture on the next page you see Nellie Gray and Jennie Green. Nellie's home is in the city, but she is now visiting her cousin Jennie who lives in the country. She is much pleased with the new and strange things which she sees. She likes to see her cousin John milk the cows and feed the pigs. She likes to watch the chickens and turkeys and give them corn to eat. She likes to go to the pond near the house and see the ducks swim and bathe. She was greatly pleased with the geese, until the old gander ran out his long neck and chased her. Now she calls them "ugly old things."

Nellie is delighted with the wild roses, and dandelions, and buttercups, and all the flowers she finds by the roadside, and in the fields and pastures. She is delighted with the robins, and sparrows, and blue jays, and yellow hammers, and bob-o-links, that hop and fly so gaily and sing so sweetly. Under the eaves of the barn there is a long row of swallows' nests: each nest has young swallows in it. Nothing pleases Nellie more than to watch the old ones dart through the air for flies and other insects, and hear the merry

twittering when they come back to feed their young.

In the picture you see Nellie and Jennie in the tall grass of the field. It is only three o'clock in the afternoon, but they have been hard at play since six in the morning. They have played hoop, and played horse, and played "I spy;" they have picked violets, and chased butterflies, and searched for strawberries. They are now far from the house and very tired. Nellie is fast asleep on the ground with her hat lying across her bosom; Jennie is awake, but glad to sit still and rest. She is holding a pretty little sprig of something in her hand. Do you know what it is?

These little girls will not be able to find their way back to the house alone. They have wandered too far away. Their mothers miss them, and are worrying for fear they have fallen into the pond and been drowned. They are calling "Jennie! Jennie! — Nellie! Nellie!" as loud as they can call. They have searched the barn, and looked into the pond. They have been up the road and down the road. Now they are searching the field; in a moment Jennie will hear their call, and in a few moments the little girls will be found. We hope that they will not wander so far from home again.

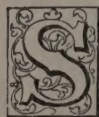


For the Dayspring.

MANAGING THE CHILDREN.

BY MARY C. BARTLETT.

CHAPTER IV. — *A Surprise.*



SOME days after the exciting events of the last chapter, Jennie received a letter, the contents of which — as she remarked ecstatically to Bobbet — made her “*just wild with joy.*” An hour later, she and her little brother stationed themselves at the front window, and, as Ralph and Amy came in sight, on their return from school, they were saluted with sundry impatient “rap-a-tap-taps” and frantic beckonings from two pairs of small hands.

“What *can* the matter be?” asked Ralph, in surprise.

“Perhaps mother’s got home,” replied Amy.

“Nonsense,” exclaimed Ralph, quickening his pace, nevertheless.

“It’s a letter,” said Amy. “I see it now. Perhaps—” she couldn’t stop to finish her sentence.

Jennie met them at the door. “Guess what,” she cried, holding up the letter. “Guess what this says!”

“O Jane! We *can’t* guess. Do tell us, *quick.*”

Jennie had compassion on the anxious little faces. “They’re coming to-morrow,” she exclaimed, joyfully. “Coming to-morrow. The train gets in at four o’clock.”

“Hurrah!” cried Ralph; while Amy caught up Bobbet, and almost smothered him with the eagerness of her embrace.

“I don’t like to be *all kissed up,*” he remonstrated, wiping his cheeks with his handkerchief.

“And he shan’t be all kissed up; no such thing,” said Ralph. “Don’t, Amy.

How will you feel when mother comes home and says, ‘Where’s Bobbet,’ if you haven’t left a scrap of him for her to see?”

“There’s the dinner bell!” exclaimed Jane, as the welcome sound reached their ears. “Come on, children.”

“Won’t it be jolly to see papa and mamma at the table again?” said Ralph. “I shall pity orphans more than ever, after this.”

“I wish to-morrow was here,” sighed Amy! “It seems so long to wait.”

“We must keep busy,” said practical Jane. “That’s the way to fill up the time.”

Acting upon her own suggestion, she busied herself in the performance of various little duties; Bobbet following closely at her heels, anxious to “help” whenever opportunity offered.

Thus the time passed swiftly and pleasantly until, to her great surprise, the mantel clock struck five.

“Why, Bobbie!” she exclaimed, “it’s almost dark.”

“Yes,” replied Bobbet, gravely: “one of these days it’ll be *all over dark.*”

“Hark!” said Jennie: “what’s that?”

It was Bridget’s voice, high pitched and angry. “It’s like a pig-sty ye’ll be lavin’ the shed. I know yer ways. Not a chip’ll ye pick up till I do it for yeess.”

“We will, too,” replied a boyish voice. Jennie knew it well. “You needn’t be so cross, Bridget. We won’t hurt your old shed. We’ll leave it just as we find it; and we’re *just going to do it.* There.”

“What are you going to do, Ralph?” asked Jennie, who had entered unperceived, and now stood close beside him in the kitchen.

“Going to make our boat.”

“O Ralph! won’t some other’ time do?”

"No, it won't."

"Can't you wait, just a day or two longer? Every thing goes on so much more smoothly when mother's at home."

"No, I can't: the boys are all here."

Jennie stood for a moment thoughtfully silent. Past experiences had taught her that good intentions do not always insure success; also, that the best advice is sometimes thrown ungratefully back upon the giver. She must be cautious.

At last a bright thought occurred to her.

"Ralph," said she, earnestly, "suppose you ask the boys to give this up, and come this evening instead. I will show off the magic lantern; and you and Tom White can get up some of those funny shadow pantomimes. We can have games too. It's our last evening, you know, before papa and mamma come back, and" —

"I don't want to go to bed," whined Bobbet, overpowered by the thought of the good time coming, and the fear that he might not be "in it." "I don't want to go to bed. I want to see the *magics*. Can't I see you show off the *magics*, Jane?"

That little, pleading voice decided Ralph. "You shall see the *magics*, Bobbie," said he. "I'll do it, Jane, if the other fellows will."

The "other fellows" agreed at once, considering themselves more than compensated for the loss of an hour's fun by the superior pleasure which the evening promised. Bridget's scowling face became smooth again as "the b'ys" took their departure. She cheerfully promised to lend a hand for the proper arrangement of the "chairs 'n' things," and even produced an old sheet which had been given her for the ironing board, but which "wouldn't be hurted a bit by decent usage." Bobbet, delighted with the prospect of sitting up until nine o'clock, laughed and chattered

incessantly; and Jennie, as she took down the lantern, and dusted its gay colored pictures, felt that for once she had *managed* nicely, and was happy.

She was happier yet, an hour or two later, when "showing off" these same pictures to an audience of half a dozen neatly dressed boys, who gazed at them with that keen appreciation of their good points so gratifying to an exhibitor, let his wares be what they may. How they laughed at Punch and Judy! and what shrieks of mirth went up at the sight of the very slippery pig which "poor Jack" was endeavoring to ride! Bobbet, whose little chair was placed at Amy's side, protesting loudly against the "sliding off" of each scene, declaring earnestly that he "had'n't had enough of that yet."

And the shadow pantomimes, — some of them were enough to make you shiver, — so fearfully tragic; others were as funny as Ralph and Tom White could make them; which was funny enough, I assure you.

They were in the very midst of a tragical scene, Ralph in the act of stabbing Tom through and through with a paper dagger, which looked so terribly *real* that Amy shuddered and Bobbet began to cry, when a carriage drove up the street. The carriage contained three persons, — a lady, a gentleman, and a little boy, all of whom were stretching their necks and straining their eyes to catch a glimpse of a certain little house, which they were rapidly approaching.

"Home again!" said the gentleman, cheerily, as they stopped at the door. "Why! they're all in the dark!"

"Hurrah!" cried the boy. "Ralph! Jane! Amy! Why! where are they?"

"There's a light in the dining-room," said the lady, pleasantly. "Be quiet, Will.

Don't rouse the neighborhood. I hope there's nothing the matter," she added, half anxiously, to herself.

Her fears were dissipated by an outburst of merry laughter, caused by the sudden change of the tragedy into a comedy,—the whole terminating in a ridiculous dance, in which the dead man joined with great gusto. This was very much more to Bobbet's taste, and he testified his approbation in no measured terms.

"Do it again! Do it again!" he shouted gleefully; but the two performers pushed away the curtain, and gave one bound into the midst of the audience.

"Do it again!" repeated Bobbit. "Do it a—oh!"

"What is it, Bobbet?" asked Jane. "What is the matter?" As she spoke, her eyes followed the direction of his; and to her amazement she saw papa, mamma, and Will standing at the door. In the confusion they had entered unheard, and were now silently awaiting recognition.

"O—h!" cried Jennie, repeating Bobbet's exclamation of joyous incredulity; and "O—h!" echoed Ralph and Amy, as in less time than it takes to tell it here, the children found themselves clasped in loving arms, and listening to the dear home voices, which seemed sweeter than ever before.

"Dear me!" cried Will, as he hugged Bobbet, kissed Jane, and shook hands with Bridget, all in a breath. "Wasn't I glad you spied us, Bob? We'd stood there the longest while, and"—

"Just about two seconds and a half," laughed papa.

"It seemed a *thousand*. I've got your engine, Bobbie. 'Twon't 'choo-choo;' but it'll do every thing else. There's a jack-knife for you, Ralph,—the sharpest kind, and a—Hullo! I didn't know you were here."

This last was addressed to the boys, who had been quiet, but interested spectators of the scene.

"They came to see the magic lantern," said Jane; "and we've been having shadow pantomimes. Tom and Ralph do them so nicely, mother. You ought to see them."

"We must have the entertainment repeated sometime," said mamma; "but I am afraid you are neglecting your guests, children."

"Oh! they'll excuse us," laughed Ralph. "They know mothers don't come home every day."

The boys smilingly accepted this shadow of an apology. They were not tenacious of etiquette,—these bright-eyed lads; and as they stood in the hall, not long afterward, hats in hand, ready for departure, mamma could not resist the impulse which bade her stoop and kiss one little wistful face. Poor Freddie Lyons! his mother would never come back to him again.

"How good it was of you to come home a day sooner, and surprise us!" said Jennie, as they all sat together by the cheerful sitting-room fire.

"It was not our goodness which brought us earlier," replied mamma, taking Bobbet on her lap: "it was a despatch which papa received this morning."

"I'm glad of it, no matter what it was. I didn't know how much I had missed you until I saw you standing there in the hall. I don't see how we could possibly have lived without you another day."

Papa laughed. "How do you like playing mother, Janie?"

"Oh!—I—don't—know."

"Were your children good?"

"Pretty good."

"You didn't have to punish them *very* hard, I hope."

"When little boys says naughty words they gets pepper-sauce in their mouths," remarked Bobbet, gravely.

"O Bobbet!" groaned Jennie. "*Don't* tell that to-night."

"When little boys says *good* words, — what does they get in their mouths *then*?" he inquired soberly.

"Kisses, just like these," replied mamma promptly, giving him *one, two, three*.

"Jane made my tongue *bite hard*," he continued seriously.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Jennie, with a comical look of distress. "He's determined to tell it if I don't, so it may as well come first as last." And it did come, — the trying story of Bobbet's depravity, and her own discouragement and defeat.

"It was just dreadful," she concluded mournfully. "I was afraid he never would love me again in the world."

"He did, though," said Ralph, earnestly. "You don't tell all the good things you did, Jane. You forget all about them!"

Then followed an animated description of the events which had transpired during the absence of papa and mamma, to which they listened with pleased attention.

"You see just how it has been," said Jennie, when they had finished. "I did try real hard; but, when I tried the hardest, they behaved the worst. I didn't know how to *manage*. That was the trouble."

Mamma laughed. "You tried too hard; you managed too much; but we all have a great deal to learn, and experience is a wonderful teacher. I think she has taught you something already, or you would not have interposed so skilfully between Ralph and Bridget this afternoon. I know you have been a good mother, Jennie, your children *love* you so."

Jennie smiled, though her eyes were

moist. "I love them, too," she said; "but I can't help feeling glad they're only my brothers and sisters, and not my children, *really*. What should I do if I had three children to *keep*, mother?"

Papa drew his little daughter to him, and pretended to smooth the wrinkles from her forehead.

"What should I do, if I *hadn't* five children to *keep*?" said he. "The *keep* is the best part, Janie."

Mamma looked lovingly upon her little flock. "O my darlings," said she, softly, "God has been very good to us. He has given us each other."

For The Dayspring.

THE TAME CHICKADEES.

By JENNY JUSTIN.

It was a drear winter day, — too chilly and stormy to be out-of-doors. Alice and Hattie Grey stood by the nursery-window, watching the feathery snowflakes chase each other from the clouds and drop noiselessly upon the already whitened earth. But they were not admiring the snow, but only wondering how they should make the long hours of the stormy day pass pleasantly. Suddenly, there was a whirr of wings, a shrill, piping cry, and a timid, trembling bird alighted on the sill, just outside the window.

"My!" exclaimed Alice, under her breath; "that is a Chickadee; I know him by his smoky coat and white vest. I guess the Father in heaven sent him to have us take care of him, for don't you know it tells in the Bible about his caring for the birds?"

"Yes," replied Hattie; "mamma taught me a verse about them yesterday: —

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather

into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."

"I know," replied Alice, "and now, you see, the weeds are all covered up with snow, and all the worms and beetles have hid away in warm places; and so birdie has come to us to be fed. Let us play we keep an eating-house, just like that father kept after the great fire, when all the poor people came, and had all they wished, and didn't have to pay any thing."

"We will brush the snow all off the sill here and have it for the table, and we will cover it over with all sorts of nice things, and may be ever and ever so many hungry birds may come here to eat."

"O Fred!" she exclaimed, as her brother entered the room, "we are going to feed this poor little bird, and won't he be glad? See, there he is, yonder, on the rose-tree, — your step scared him away."

"I think," said Fred, when every thing had been explained, "it would be better to spread the table a little way from the house until birdie has learned to feel quite sure that we mean him no harm."

The girls assented, and Fred selected a smooth, square board, which he nailed to the top of the rose-trellis, thus forming as fine a table as could be wished for. And when the girls had spread it with dainty bits of cake, white bread, and corn-meal, they retired again to the nursery window to watch. Very soon birdie's sharp eyes detected the treasure prepared for his comfort, and when he had helped himself liberally he flew away, chanting his cheerful note of chick-a-dee-dee as he went.

In a short time, however, he returned again, bringing Madam Chickadee with him; and after that, for a long time they came each day, and the children were always careful to keep the table well supplied with crumbs, and at length they became

so tame, that they would alight on the hands of their benefactors and pick up the crumbs they held, without the least fear; and sometimes when they were nowhere to be seen, they would answer with a cheerful chirp, and come flitting towards the garden, when the children called them by the names they had given them of Prink and Prim. But, by and by, the days grew long and sunny, and the grass and flowers nodded in the soft breeze, and the robins and blue-birds came and built themselves nests close by the cottage; but Prink and Prim had disappeared, and though the children shouted their names at morning, noon, and night, all about the garden there was no answer, and so at length, with many regrets, they ceased to search for them. But, one midsummer day, as they were walking in a stretch of woods near their home, in company with their brother Fred, they discovered a little dead tree with the top broken, and the body so decayed that but small effort would have been required to push it over. In the side of this there was a round hole, scarcely larger than the top of a small spool, leading into the hollow centre of the tree.

"I know what's in there," said Fred; "it's a squirrel's nest, and I shouldn't wonder if he had ever and ever so many nuts hidden away, — I am going to turn the old stump over and see."

"Oh, no, no!" said Alice, "it would spoil some poor thing's beautiful home"

"Besides," added Hattie, "perhaps there are baby-squirrels in there."

"Well, I'm going to make this door, where mistress squirrel goes in, larger with my jackknife, and then you, Hattie, must reach in your hand, because it is the smallest, and find what there is."

So Fred proceeded carefully to enlarge the entrance, but the tree was so decayed

it was like a mere shell, and very soon a big chip broke off in a direct line toward the root, and the treasure was at once revealed. It consisted of a beautiful little nest, built of the finest cows' hair, with a lining of the softest lambs' wool, and inside there were eight tiny white eggs, so clear as to be almost transparent.

"Oh, was there ever any thing so pretty!" exclaimed both girls in a breath.

"Whose home can it be, and whatever shall we do?" said Alice at length.

"Why, it seem's just like robbers breaking into anybody's house."

Just then there came a flutter of wings, a glad cry of chick-a-dee-dee, and Prink and Prim appeared on the scene. They seemed a good deal troubled at the invasion of their home, and flitted and chirped uneasily.

"Why, you see, we wouldn't have done it for any thing, if we had only known it was *your home*," said Alice.

"No, we wouldn't, and we'll try to make it all right now," said Hattie.

"I have it," said Fred, who had been silently meditating, and he darted away into the thick wood. Presently he returned, bringing with him a long narrow strip of birch-bark; in this he cut a round hole about the size of the one they had found in the tree, and then proceeded to wrap the bark carefully around the decayed trunk; it quite covered the broken places, and looked as neat and nice as possible; but when he searched in his pockets for a bit of twine to bind it in place, there was none to be found. So Alice and Hattie gladly contributed their hair-ribbons for the purpose, — the one scarlet and the other blue, — and the bark was nicely confined in its place.

There were some fears on the part of the girls that Prink and Prim might desert

their home in a fit of indignation at the repairs it had undergone, but their hearts were set quite at ease, when a few days after they visited the spot and found the nest crowded full of tiny callow birds; and when their little bodies were fledged so that they could fly nicely, Prink and Prim brought them to the garden, day after day, for a repast, until they became as tame and familiar as their parents.

MAGAZINES.

ST. NICHOLAS for June is, to say the least, as good as any of its predecessors. If we could have but one magazine in our house we should choose this; for we know of no other so well adapted to amuse and instruct a whole family. The most noticeable articles in the present are, — "The Mother in the Desert," by Susan Coolidge; "The Green House with Gold Nails," by Mrs. J. P. Ballard; "Tommy's Cousins," by E. Muller; "Wild Mice and their Ways," by Ernest Ingersoll; "Mrs. Peterkin's Tea-Party," by Lucretia P. Hale; "Birds in the Spring," by Prof. W. K. Brooks; "The Naughty Egyptian," by Joel Story; and "The Stars in June," by Richard A. Proctor. The Number contains nearly fifty illustrations; every one of them good.

Price \$3.00 a year, 25 cents a number. Published by Scribner & Co., 743 & 745 Broadway, N.Y.

WIDE AWAKE for June opens with "Tyrant Tom," a decidedly jolly story by Mary L. Bolles Branch, for which Robert Lewis has drawn a spirited frontispiece. Equally jolly, and equally suggestive to papas and mammas, is "A Nocturnal Lunch." "Flossy and Bossy" find their way into and out of "Great Tribulation."

Perhaps the most noticeable article is No. X. of the "Poets' Home Series," con-

cerning William Dean Howells, editor of the "Atlantic." Four artists illustrate the paper with views of the home exterior and the study interior, a fine portrait, and a view, from a painting by C. P. Cranch, of the palace homes of Mr. Howells when consul to Venice. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston.

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW and RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE for May contains articles on "The Taxation of Churches" by Rev. Henry W. Foote; "Martin Hang," by E. P. Evans, Ph. D.; "Immortality as Indicated by Science," by Antoinette Brown Blackwell; "Reminiscences of Dr. Channing," by Elizabeth P. Peabody; "Self-Culture, Self-Sacrifice, and Self-Forgetting," a sermon by Rev. George L. Chaney; "Editor's Note Book;" and "Review of Current Literature." This is one of the best reviews of its kind and we heartily commend it to all thoughtful readers. It numbers among its contributors about fifty of the leading minds in the Unitarian body.

The Fourth Supplement to a catalogue of books for Sunday-school libraries, recommended by the Ladies' Commission on Sunday-school books, has just been published. It contains a list of sixty-three books, selected from two hundred and seventeen, which the Commission have examined during the year past. We recommend this "Supplement" to all who wish to read or purchase recent juvenile books. It can be had at the rooms of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-six letters.

My 20, 13, 10, 5, is a period of time.

My 3, 2, 14, 6, 1, is one of the points of the compass.

My 25, 15, 26, 11, 12, is the planet we inhabit.
My 24, 22, 21, 13, is the dearest spot on earth.
My 19, 8, 21, 3, is a piece of sacred music.
My 9, 4, 14, 23, is a place of defence.
My 11, 25, 16, is a number.
My 17, 13, 10, 18, 7, will come to all.
My whole is one of the commandments.

SQUARE WORDS.

By Arthur A. Noyes, Newburyport, ten years old.

- 1.
1. A part of the head.
2. A river in Germany.
3. Large bodies of water.
4. At first.
- 2.
1. One of the books in the Old Testament.
2. In greater numbers.
3. Spoken, not written.
4. To part with for money.

ANSWERS TO GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

1. Colorado. 2. Washington. 3. Connecticut.
4. Indiana. 5. Chicago. 6. Saratoga.

ANSWERS TO WELL-KNOWN GAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Backgammon. | 14. Squalls. |
| 2. Croquet. | 15. Ninepins. |
| 3. Cribbage. | 16. Grace-hoop. |
| 4. Polo. | 17. Boston. |
| 5. Piquet. | 18. Aunt Sallie. |
| 6. Bagatelle. | 19. Faro. |
| 7. Solitaire. | 20. Base Ball. |
| 8. Euchre. | 21. Casino. |
| 9. Billiards. | 22. Cricket. |
| 10. Old Maid. | 23. Three Old Cats. |
| 11. Dominoes. | 24. Foot Ball. |
| 12. Loto. | 25. Speculation. |
| 13. Blind Man's-Buff. | 26. Bézique. |

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